

A HISTORIC OLD TAVERN ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



THE BAR: SHOWING DESCENDANT OF THE ORIGINAL BARKEEPER.

Small and Unpretentious Restaurant Established Over Sixty Years Ago That Will Occupy an Important Place in American History. Patronized in Palmy Days by Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner, Beau Hickman, and Other Notable Characters—Stands Today Unchanged by the Flight of Time.

IN A CERTAIN floral period of English letters there lived in London a score or more of congenial spirits who were wont to assemble socially in the afternoon or evening, and to the clink of glasses drink the good health and happiness of their fellows.

Who has not heard of the Turk's Head in Gerard Street where the literary lights of the latter half of the eighteenth century met in social intercourse and drank bumper of musty ale or stipped Scotch toddies? It was there that the statesman, literateur, poet, actors, artists, and kindred spirits congregated in the evening. There Burke and Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Davy Garrick, and others held their levees, and while discussing socially the burning questions of the hour regaled their souls and bodies with good old English ale or Scotch brandy.

Notable Patrons.

There "The Club" held its meetings, when the "building three-decker," the dictionary-maker, proclaimed his wise saws; or Garrick, the mimic, was wont to "set the table in a roar" with his brilliant flashes of satirical wit, or Goldsmith blundered like poor poll, or Burke delighted with his delicious brogue. The Turk's Head will live in English history for many years to come as the meeting place of some of the very greatest Englishmen that ever lived.

There exists in Washington a small and unpretentious restaurant that will occupy in American history a place of relative importance. More than half a century ago, when Washington was little more than a big village and Pennsylvania Avenue no more dignified than the main street of any country town, a citizen of Washington established on the Avenue between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets a tavern that soon became the rendezvous of many of America's greatest men.

Opened in 1840.

The tavern was first opened to the public in 1840 and it is still doing business at the old stand, having passed from its founder to the third generation of the family. It is still renowned as a place where one can get the best to be had of the good things of life, but without the many luxurious appointments adorning other modern restaurants, the little old-fashioned tavern has lost some of its popularity. It presents today almost the same appearance it did sixty years ago.

The interior has not been changed at all, and the outside is different only because of fresh paint.

Webster, Clay, and Calhoun.

It was at this little old tavern that Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner, the Booths, and many others who have helped to make American history, met to cheer the inner man and talk over the political problems of the country or the latest pieces of literature. It stands almost unchanged by the flight of time, a monument to the interesting strenuous days before and after the war.

What changes the quaint old house has beheld! The Washington of one unpretentious, muddy street, with a few score of dingy frame buildings has grown into the most beautiful city in America. Webster and Clay and Calhoun and Sumner have long since passed beyond the Great Divide, but the little old tables under which they stretched their legs and the small, narrow bar before which they stood and drank each other's health still have voices for these who will question them.

Historic Apartment.

In that little room, scarcely larger than a good-sized parlor of the modern residence, have made merry at one time or another many of the greatest Americans in history. On its walls are to be seen probably the most valuable and varied collection of curios and relics in this country. They cover all sides of the room and occupy every nook and corner. On the shelves back of the bar are to be seen bottles thick with dust that have remained unmoved for two generations; there still are to be seen the identical glasses from which Webster and Clay sipped their brandy, and the bottles from which the liquid was poured.

Rare Old Pictures.

Rare engravings and old prints, photographs of famous men and noted places adorn the walls; newspapers published when our great-grandfathers were plotting treason, proclamations by colonial governors and early presidents; playbills of early dates; valuable official papers signed by Presidents, and hundreds of other memorials, each with an interesting history, meet the eye.

Fund of Information.

From these walls may be gleaned an invaluable fund of information respecting Webster, Clay, Douglas, Lincoln, Everett, Seward, Sumner, Hayne, Calhoun, Davis,

and other famous men; the principles for which they fought and the deeds that inspired them. Poets, artists, actors, and musicians of note have been entertained there, and many dignified justices of the Supreme Court have not hesitated to enter the quaint little door.

Study of the Walls.

A study of the walls discloses many interesting bits of history. There can be seen the "First Prayer in Congress," which was found in Thatcher's "Military Journal" under date of December, 1777. It was offered by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a minister of renowned eloquence, who prayed that "God will look down in His infinite mercy on the American States that have fled to Him for protection; that He will take them under His protecting care, give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of their cruel adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and, if they persist in their sanguinary purposes, constrain them to drop their weapons of war from their unweary hands." It begs further "that He will so direct the deliberations of Congress that order, harmony, and peace may be restored and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail among the people."

Photograph of Lincoln.

There is an original photograph of Lincoln taken in Congress in 1848; pictures of the war President and his staff on the morning of the battle of Antietam, the chair in which he was sitting when assassinated, and the funeral procession on the way to the Capitol; quaint prints of the building in which Congress met after the war of 1812, and which was used as a military prison from 1861 to 1865, a rare print in colors of the battle of New Orleans; an engraving of Zachary Taylor made from a daguerreotype, and one of Edmund Coke, done in 1870.

A playbill, interesting as a relic of the first theatrical season in Washington, announces a comedy, entitled "The Secret, or Partnership Dissolved," to be done at the United States Theatre on September 1, 1800; the comedy to be followed by a farce, "The Positive Man," and the performance to conclude with the "Sailor's Reveries" and a horripole. The doors

opened at 5:30 and the curtain rose at 6:30. There were three performances weekly and the admission was \$1. The theatre was located on E Street between Seventh and Eighth Streets, where the old Postoffice Department building now stands.

Washington Theatre Programme.

A programme of the Washington Theatre, corner of Eleventh and C Streets, of which J. Wilkes Booth was lessee and manager, announces for April 27, 1863, Shakespeare's "Richard III," with Booth himself as Richard.

Criticism on Booth.

Close by is a copy of the "New York Herald" commenting on this performance, which states that "Mr. Booth undertook no small task when he attempted to act a character in which his father was famous and which his brother Edwin played so well; but the result justifies the undertaking. As Edwin in face, form, voice, and style resembles the great elder Booth, so the debutant last evening is almost a facsimile of Edwin, and in the first three acts of the play these brothers could no more be distinguished than the two Dromios. But in the fourth and fifth acts, J. W. Booth is more like his father than his brother. He reads the play capitally and made all the well-known points with telling effect. But in the last act he created a veritable sensation. His face blackened and smeared with blood, he seemed like Richard himself, and his combat with Richmond was a masterpiece. An audience that crowded the



ZACHARY TAYLOR'S HAT.

PLAY-BILL OF WASHINGTON'S FIRST THEATRE:

BEAU HICKMAN'S UMBRELLA AND CANE.

theatre beyond its usual limits applauded him to the echo."

Bill of Winter Garden.

From a bill of the Winter Garden for November 25, 1863, one learns of a benefit for the Shakespeare statue fund, the play being "Julius Caesar," Junius Brutus Booth impersonating Cassius; Edwin Booth, Brutus, and J. Wilkes Booth, Marc Antony. On another of December 14, 1863, is advertised a presentation of "Henry IV," Mr. Hackett, father of the young romantic actor, James K. Hackett, now playing a Don Caesar drama, being cast for Sir John Falstaff.

And then there is the bill of the play announcing the appearance of Miss Laura Keane in her original character of "Foremost Trenchard" in the play entitled "Our American Cousin," a play that will ever be famous for its association with one of the saddest tragedies in American history—the murder of the beloved Lincoln.

Proclamation by Stanton.

A proclamation signed by Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, given descriptions of Booth, Surratt, and Harold, and offers a reward of \$100,000 for their capture.

Another proclamation by his excellency, the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, calls upon all citizens to give thanks for the blessings bestowed upon them during the past year. It is signed in a bold, stirring hand, "John Hancock," and dated November 8, 1787. It represents the first Thanksgiving Day proclamation in America.

Autograph Letters.

Enclosed in a case are autograph letters from Presidents Monroe, Pierce, and Lincoln, and others from Calhoun and Clay. A letter from the latter thanks the person to whom it is addressed for sympathy expressed in the loss of Mr. Clay's son at the battle of Buena Vista.

A permit in the original reads as follows:

"Valley Forge, March 13, 1778. Permission to Mr. Thomas Cones and negro boy to pass pickets at the bridge and on Morristown road after dark, till further orders."

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

A letter from General Jackson, four miles below Orleans, January 3, 1815, reports the battle that resulted in the overthrow of John Bull.

In another, William Henry Harrison, writing from Washington, December 20, 1827, chides a friend for not writing to one who was so much indebted to him.

A promissory note, signed by Alexander Hamilton, and a check drawn by Aaron Burr for \$224 10c, recall a sad American tragedy.

Recollections of Martha Washington.

Recollections of Martha Washington are inspired by a receipted bill of Susanna Lockyer, dated Philadelphia, September 6, 1791, for 22 yards of mantua, at \$12 1/2 per yard, and close by can be seen Washington's orders for nails, salt, carpet, brushes, ax handles and balls of twine.

Among the hundreds of autographs are those of Samuel Adams, Hawthorne, Whitier, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Agassiz, Alexander Stephens, Jefferson Davis, Joseph D. Story, Frelinghuysen, Evarts, Choate, Sam Houston and Dan Rice.

Lincoln's Overshoes.

In a corner are the overshoes worn by Lincoln on the night of his assassination; Washington's overshoes of leather; the great iron lock and key from his smokehouse; a part of the scaffold on which Mrs. Surratt and her accomplices were hanged; the hat worn by General Zachary Taylor at the battle of Okonobee, Florida, December, 1837, and the pipe of Father Hennepin, one of the early Catholic missionaries to the Indians. The pipe was given him by an Indian chief and was handed down from father to son until it reached the old Sioux chief from whom it passed into the collection.

There is a collection of South Sea Islanders' weapons, consisting of javelins, cooking utensils and all sorts of bludgeons; a piece of John Brown's vest; a hickory cane from the Hermitage; Captain Hall's reading lamp from the Polar; liquor glasses from which Jefferson Davis used to drink while he was Secretary of War; and the cane and white umbrella that were carried on the streets of Washington fifty years ago by the noted bon vivant, Beau Hickman.

A Cherished Anecdote.

There is an anecdote cherished in the place that one warm day in early summer, Beau walked into the dining room, and seating himself at one of the historic tables ordered an elaborate dinner of oysters, terrapin and reed birds, and other delicacies. After he had finished his meal he walked up to the desk, laid his umbrella and cane upon it, pulled out his great, green wallet as if to settle, and demanding the amount of his bill,

asked the proprietor if Bowser had recently been in the place.

When the host replied that he did not know Mr. Bowser, Beau, turning his toes in and making on leg shorter than the other, limped across the room, saying: "Why, he's the fellow who walks like this," and before the unsuspecting proprietor realized what he was about, Beau had passed out of the door, leaving as pay for his meal his old umbrella and cane.

Original Manuscript.

Here also is what is said to be the original manuscript of the poem which is claimed by both Col. John A. Joyce, the local poet, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and which begins "Laugh and the world laughs with you." Beneath the verses is written the following: "Written for the poet and journalist, George D. Prentice, Louisville, Ky., January, 1863, by John A. Joyce."

Historic Relics.

In one of the back rooms are other historical relics, among which are a rare steel engraving of Andrew Jackson; an autograph letter written by him; a letter from Horace Greeley; a check drawn by John Quincy Adams on the Bank of the Metropolis of Washington City for \$300; copy of the poster advertising a reward of \$20,000 for information of the kidnapped boy, Charlie Brewster Ross; copies of the "London Post" in 1794, and the "Pennsylvania Gazette" of March 20, 1795; a very rare photograph of the members of the Senate of 1859, among whom are Sumner, Davis, Andrew Johnson, Mason, and Seward, and among the great Americans of the days gone by.

Interesting Curios.

A case in the front room contains among other curios a piece of the blanket in which Booth's body was wrapped after he was shot; the socks worn by Robert Emmet O'Donnell when he made his fatal leap from the Brooklyn Bridge; numerous political badges of the early Presidential campaigns, and badges of mourning worn at the Lincoln obsequies.

Communication From Guineau.

An original letter of the assassin Guiteau expresses the belief that he will be liberated from jail on the ground of non-jurisdiction of the court, and also promises to pay his attorneys \$5,000 for their efforts to have him released, which, he declared, he would pay from the proceeds of his book. Below it are the signatures of the jurymen who convicted the assassin. Hundreds of other interesting relics are hung on the walls or occupy places in the numerous cases about the room.

Atmosphere of Age.

There is an atmosphere of age about the place, but it is an age replete with interest, and from the shelves can be detected all the while the savory odor of rare dishes being cooked by old Virginia darkies. Every evening members of Congress may be seen seated at the tables or lined up in front of the bar—men whose memory, perhaps, in the years to come will be invested with quite as much interest as the men who are recalled by the hundreds of relics inside the little old rooms.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF SAINT PATRICK'S CAREER

THERE is about St. Patrick's Day a sort of immortal freshness and verdure, fraught, as it is, with memories and traditions of the Emerald Isle. The name Patrick denotes one of patriotic birth, and has always been a favorite among the Scotch nobility, Scotland, along with France, England, and Wales, claims the honor of being the saint's natal land, and an ingenious, if not thoroughly accurate, Scotch historian has traced the footsteps of St. Patrick from cradle to grave, from the places named in his honor.

Thus, with the assumption of his Scottish origin, the historian says that the great evangelist was born at Kilpatrick (the cell, or church of Patrick), in Dumfriesshire. He resided for a time at Dalpatrick (the district, or division, of Patrick), in Lanarkshire, and visited Kyr-padrigh (the rock of Patrick), near Inverness. He founded two churches—Kirkpatrick, at Invergray, in Kirkcudbright, and Kirkpatrick, at Fleming, in Dumfriesshire. He ultimately sailed from Dumfries, leaving behind him a name to be honored by the Scotch of every degree.

Arriving in England, he preached in Patterdale (Patrick's Dale), in Westmoreland, and founded the Church of Kirkpatrick, in Durham. Visiting Wales, he walked over Barn-hadrig (Patrick's Causeway), which, now covered by the sea, forms a dangerous shoal in Carnarvon Bay. On leaving the Continent, he sailed from Llanbadrig (the Church of Patrick), in the Island of Anglesea.

Undertaking his mission to convert Ireland, he first landed at Inia-patrick (the Island of Patrick) and next at Holm-

patrick, on the opposite shore of the mainland, in the County of Dublin. Sailing northward, he touched at the Isle of Man, called also Inispatrick, where he founded another Kirkpatrick, near the town of Peel. Again landing on the coast of Ireland, in the County of Down, he converted and baptized the chieftain Dicu on the latter's threshing floor. The name of the parish of Saul—derived from Sabhal-patrick (the barn of Patrick)—perpetuates the event.

He then proceeded to Temple-patrick, in Antrim, and thence to a lofty mountain in Mayo, ever since called Croagh-patrick. He founded an abbey in East Meath, called Donnach-Padraig (the House of Patrick), and built a church in Dublin, where Saint Patrick's Cathedral now stands. In an island of Lough Derg, in the County of Donegal, there is Saint Patrick's Purgatory; in Leitrim, Saint Patrick's Wood; at Cashel, Saint Patrick's Rock, and the wells of Saint Patrick, at which the holy man is said to have quenched his thirst, are as numerous as the springs of George Washington in Fairfax and Alexandria Counties. He is commonly said to have died at Saul on March 17, 493, in the 121st year of his age.

Undoubtedly the most famous miracle performed by Saint Patrick is that of his driving the snakes and venomous reptiles out of Ireland and rendering it an Irish soil, forever after, so obnoxious to the serpent race that upon touching it they die instantly.

The following curious legend arose out of this legend: In 1831 Mr. James Cleland, an Irish gentleman, being curious to ascertain whether the climate or soil of Ireland was naturally destructive to the

serpent race, purchased a number of ordinary harmless snakes—matrix tortoises—in Covent Garden Market in London. Bringing them to Ireland, he turned them out in his garden at Rathpaul, in the County of Down, and a week later one of them was killed at Millicross, about three miles distant. The persons into whose hands the strange reptile fell had not the slightest suspicion that it was a snake; but, considering the animal a curious breed of eel, they took it to a Doctor Drummond, a celebrated Irish naturalist, who at once pronounced the animal to be a reptile and not a fish.

The idea of a real living serpent having been killed within a short distance of the coast of Ireland, was widely spread, and all parties and sects for once united in the belief that the snake foreshadowed the beginning of the end, though they differed very widely as to what that end was to be. Some more practically minded persons, however, subscribed a comfortable sum of money which they offered for the destruction of any other snakes that might be found in the district. And three more of the snakes were not long afterward killed within a few miles of the garden where they were liberated. The remaining two snakes were never very clearly accounted for, but it is supposed that they also fell victims to the reward.

A more natural story than the extirpation of the serpents has afforded material for the painter and the poet. When baptizing an Irish chieftain the venerable saint leaned heavily on his crozier, the steel-pointed point of which he had unwittingly placed on the great toe of the converted chief, in his ignorance of

the crust of the mountains towering above the little village. The inhabitants, realizing the danger, abandoned a school-house which stood in the course it was popularly expected the avalanche would take when it started. The miners kept at work, however, trusting to good fortune to protect them. It began its descent at 3:30 o'clock on Monday morning and plowed a furrow 500 feet wide and two miles long down the side of the mountain, culminating in a great mass of snow, ice, and rocks at the bottom of the gulch. A few minutes later another slide started farther up the gulch, and ere it had settled ten lives were lost and 50,000 worth of property was destroyed. It was the work of many days to recover the bodies of the men buried under the snow and debris, and it was only by the united effort of all the citizens of the village that it was finally accomplished.

In 1885 a snowslide swept the side of Homestead Mountain, near Leadville, and

very burial place of Saint Patrick caused an extraordinary sensation of alarm in the country people. One far-seeing clergyman preached a sermon in which he cited this unfortunate snake as a token of the immediate approach of the millennium, while another saw in it a warning of the approach of cholera morbus.

Old prophecies were recalled, and all parties and sects for once united in the belief that the snake foreshadowed the beginning of the end, though they differed very widely as to what that end was to be. Some more practically minded persons, however, subscribed a comfortable sum of money which they offered for the destruction of any other snakes that might be found in the district. And three more of the snakes were not long afterward killed within a few miles of the garden where they were liberated. The remaining two snakes were never very clearly accounted for, but it is supposed that they also fell victims to the reward.

A more natural story than the extirpation of the serpents has afforded material for the painter and the poet. When baptizing an Irish chieftain the venerable saint leaned heavily on his crozier, the steel-pointed point of which he had unwittingly placed on the great toe of the converted chief, in his ignorance of the crust of the mountains towering above the little village. The inhabitants, realizing the danger, abandoned a school-house which stood in the course it was popularly expected the avalanche would take when it started. The miners kept at work, however, trusting to good fortune to protect them. It began its descent at 3:30 o'clock on Monday morning and plowed a furrow 500 feet wide and two miles long down the side of the mountain, culminating in a great mass of snow, ice, and rocks at the bottom of the gulch. A few minutes later another slide started farther up the gulch, and ere it had settled ten lives were lost and 50,000 worth of property was destroyed. It was the work of many days to recover the bodies of the men buried under the snow and debris, and it was only by the united effort of all the citizens of the village that it was finally accomplished.

In 1885 a snowslide swept the side of Homestead Mountain, near Leadville, and

carried off eleven men, the occupants of a small cabin in its path. The day on which the slide occurred is not known. The country was seldom visited during the winter, and it was only when friends of two of the men who were camped there went to them with provisions and were surprised to find that the side of the mountain was bare that the truth dawned on them. A rescue party from Leadville was obliged to run three tunnels through the snow and ice before the bodies of the men were located.

March 10, 1884, saw an entire town carried away by a snowslide. It was the town of Woodstock, on the South Park Railway, and consisted of a saloon, a store, several cottages, and seventeen inhabitants. Two slides from different sections of the mountain united to crush the settlement and but three of its inhabitants escaped alive. Rescue parties worked for two days and nights before all the victims were located.

The leaf of the chambrac, or small white clover, is almost universally worn over all Ireland on St. Patrick's Day. The popular notion is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish he used this plant, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol or illustration of the great mystery.

It is a curious coincidence, if nothing more, that the trefolt in Arabic is called "shamrakh," and was held sacred in Iran as emblematic of the Persian Triads. Pliny, too, in his "Natural History," says that serpents are never seen upon trefolt, and that it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions. This, considering St. Patrick's connection with snakes, is really remarkable, and it may reasonably be supposed that previous to his arrival the Irish ascribed mystical virtues to the trefolt, or shamrock, and on hearing of the Trinity for the first time they fancied some peculiar fitness in their already sacred plant to shadow forth the mystery of the newly revealed doctrine.

A curious legend still survives in the Galtee, or Gaulties, Mountains, situated between the Counties of Cork and Tipperary. There are seven lakes there, in one of which, called Lough Dillenn, it is said St. Patrick, when banishing the snakes and toads from Ireland, chained a monster serpent, telling him to remain there till Monday.

The serpent every Monday morning calls out in Irish: "It is a long Monday, Patrick." That St. Patrick chained this serpent calls out to him every Monday morning is firmly believed by some of the superstitious peasants who live in the neighborhood of the lakes.

As the birthplace of St. Patrick has been disputed, so has that of his burial. But the general evidence indicates that he was buried at Downpatrick, and that the remains of St. Colum and St. Bridget were laid beside him.

The leaf of the chambrac, or small